STARMAN

NO. 79
JUL '01

ROBINSON
SNEJBJERG

ROBINSON
2001

dccomics.com

FROM THE SHADE'S JOURNAL (AS RELATED BY JACK KNIGHT, MUCH, MUCH LATER)...

In 1951, Jack Knight, his brother David and Hourman have determined that the original Mist intends to test an experimental gas on a cinema audience.

Jack and David go to their aid.

But Ted Knight senses more to the story.

I never thought I'd go there again.

Too many memories...

Hourman labors.

He brews Wesley Dodds's alchemy of slumber.

While noting the time.

And Jack...

Jack and David...

THIS IS...

...SLAG CITY...

...BIG TIME...

DAVEY...

HOW YOU--

--DOING --BRO?

Now read on...

CAN'T LASH OUT--

--DO SOME SERIOUS HURT.

INNOCENTS.

ALL OF THEM.

WHILE DAVID 'N' ME...

KEEP IT UP, JACKIE! I THINK WE'RE WINNING!

REALLY?

NO.

FUNNY GUY. FUNNY, FUNNY, FUNNY.

...BOTH OF US DROWNING IN MADNESS...

...LAUGHING AS WE GO UNDER.

1951 PART THREE: --WHY?

ROBINSON & GOYER story | ROBINSON words | SNEJBJERG artist | OAKLEY letterer | WRIGHT colorist | JAMISON seps | WACKER asst. ed. | TOMASI editor | GOODWIN guiding light

• Starman created by Robinson & Harris • Special thanks to Ole Gomoll •

Good memories and bad.

HELLO, MR. LEE.

TED! THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE... SINCE...

SINCE DORIS DIED.

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS I SHOULD BEGIN BY REVEALING SOMETHING. SOMETHING SECRET ONCE, THAT I NO LONGER CARE IF THE WORLD KNOWS OR NOT.

DORIS KNEW. SHE LEARNED THE TRUTH A WEEK BEFORE SHE DIED.

WHAT, EXACTLY?

I'M STARMAN.

THAT'S ABSURD.

IS IT?

I'VE TOLD YOU MY SECRET, MR. LEE. I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR YOU TELL ME YOURS.

BUT I HAVE *NOTHING* TO TELL.

REALLY? TELL ME ABOUT DORIS'S DEATH, MR. LEE.

YOU KNOW, TED. SHE WAS FOUND MURDERED. WE NEVER CAUGHT THE BASTARD WHO DID IT.

THAT'S AN OKAY BEDTIME STORY. A FAIRY TALE, IF YOU LIKE. BUT I'M *NOT* IN THE MOOD TO BE LULLED TO SLEEP, SO I'D PREFER THE *TRUTH*.

TELL ME ABOUT THE *MIST*... HOW HE STOLE *YOUR* DRUG FORMULA... HOW YOU *HELPED* HIM... AND HOW *BECAUSE* OF IT, YOUR OWN DAUGHTER DORIS WAS KILLED.

I... I...

TELL ME!!

BZZAK!

MY COMPANY WAS LOSING MONEY. THE MIST MADE ME AN OFFER.

BUT DORIS... SHE ALWAYS HAD TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

TED, DID YOU KNOW THIS WALL HAS A *HIDDEN COMPARTMENT?*

NO! DON'T--

I GUESS YOU DID.

YEAH. LIKE A CAT. CURIOUS.

SHE *OVERHEARD* MY DEAL WITH THE MIST.

I WOULD SUPPLY HIM WITH MY RESEARCH AND INSTRUCT HIM WHAT TO LOOK FOR AT THE *OTHER* COMPANIES.

" IN RETURN FOR A PERCENTAGE OF THE RUSSIAN MONEY."

NO, FATHER! YOU *CAN'T!* IT'S *TREASON!*

"SHE TOLD ME SHE KNEW SOMEONE WHO'D STOP THE MIST."

I PANICKED. CALLED THE MIST FOR ADVICE.

THE NEXT MORNING DORIS WAS DEAD.

SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO YOU, I GUESS.

YEAH, WELL, THANKS TO YOU AND THE MIST SHE NEVER MADE IT.

YOUR COMPANY L+D RESEARCH L AS IN LEE. NO ONE ELSE MADE THE CONNECTION... TO YOU... AND TO DORIS.

YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE IT LIKE THE MIST'S OTHER THEFTS AND BLOWN UP YOUR FACILITY. I KNOW THE MIST. HE NEVER CHANGED HIS M.O. IN MID-PLAN. *THAT'S* WHAT TIPPED ME OFF.

HE SAID YOU WERE *FINISHED.* YOU *WOULDN'T* BE A PROBLEM.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S WRONG, DOESN'T IT?

WHAT NOW?

MAKE A FULL *CONFESSION.* OR YOU SWALLOW THE BARREL OF A .45. I REALLY DON'T GIVE A *DAMN.* I JUST WANT THE MIST.

WHERE IS HE?

HE'S HANDING THE FORMULA OVER, ***SAVAGE AIRFIELD.*** THE RUSSIANS HAVE A PLANE THERE. THE EXCHANGE IS DUE TO HAPPEN AT ANY MOMENT.

TED, I DID LOVE DORIS.

SCARED? KNOWING THE MAN YOU LOVE IS... OR RATHER ***WAS*** STARMAN?

PROUD.

I'LL STAY BESIDE YOU NO MATTER WHAT, DARLING.

I ABSOLUTELY ***ADORE*** YOU, DORIS.

LOVE HER? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE ***MEANING*** OF THE WORD.

The police could never get to Savage Field in time.

*I guess I **knew** all along... that one day... one night...*

...I'd have to come back.

DAVEY.
HOW YOU DOING, BRO?
I'M DOING, JUST.
YOUR COSTUME'S SEEN BETTER DAYS.
I KNOW IT.
HEY...
YOU REMEMBER WHEN I TORE UP YOUR JERRY LEWIS COMIC?
I'M SORRY.
I GUESS. YEAH.
DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN I STOLE YOUR GIRLFRIEND SUZIE?
NO.
SUZIE. "THE ENVELOPE" SUZIE. I DROVE TO VEGAS WITH HER.
OH, THAT SUZIE. YEAH.
I'M SORRY, TOO.
FORGIVEN, JACKIE.

ALL OF IT FORGIVEN.

WHUMP

WHAK

SAVAGE FIELD. WHERE THE BALLOON BUSTER OF LEGEND MADE HIS LAST HEROIC FLIGHT...

I'M GETTING NERVOUS. WE'VE STAYED HERE TOO LONG AS IT IS.

HE'S RIGHT. CAN WE LEAVE NOW?

YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WANT. SO DO I. I'D SAY WE'RE DONE.

OH, YOU'RE DONE, ALL RIGHT.

... AND TED KNIGHT, STARMAN, FLEW AGAIN.

IT'S HIM-- IT'S--

GET IN THE PLANE FOR GOD'S SAKE!

FUNNY.

I SUDDENLY FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER.

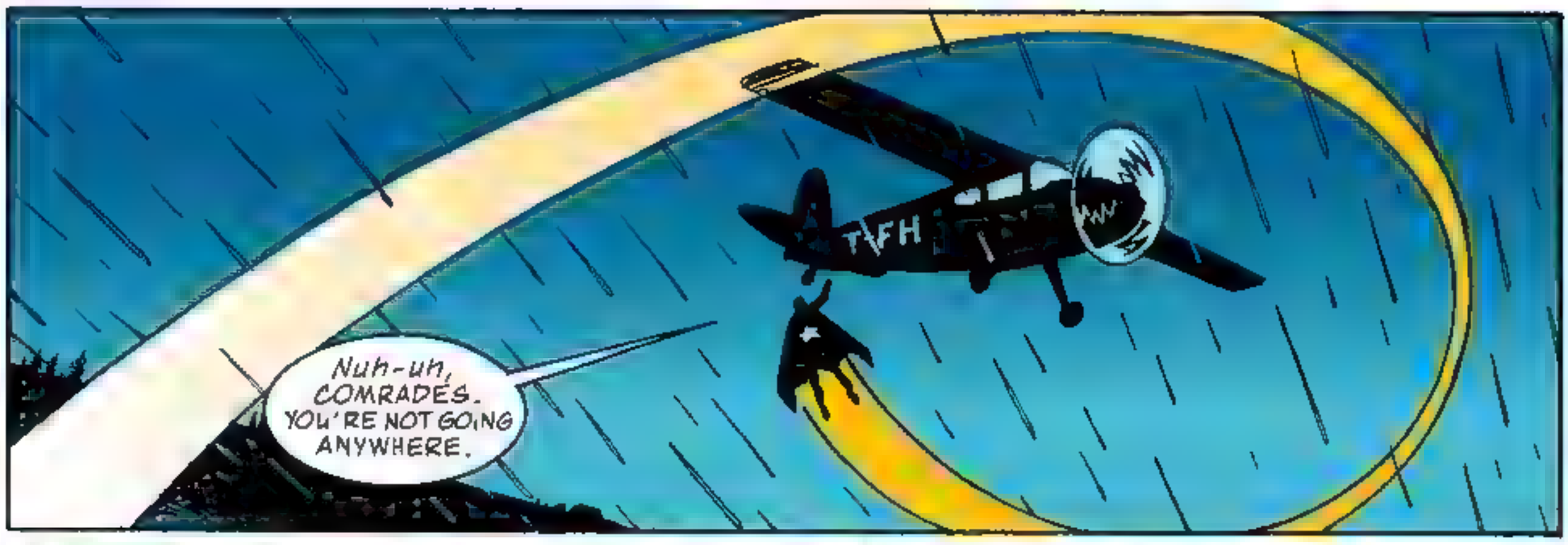
FUNNY. ME, TOO.

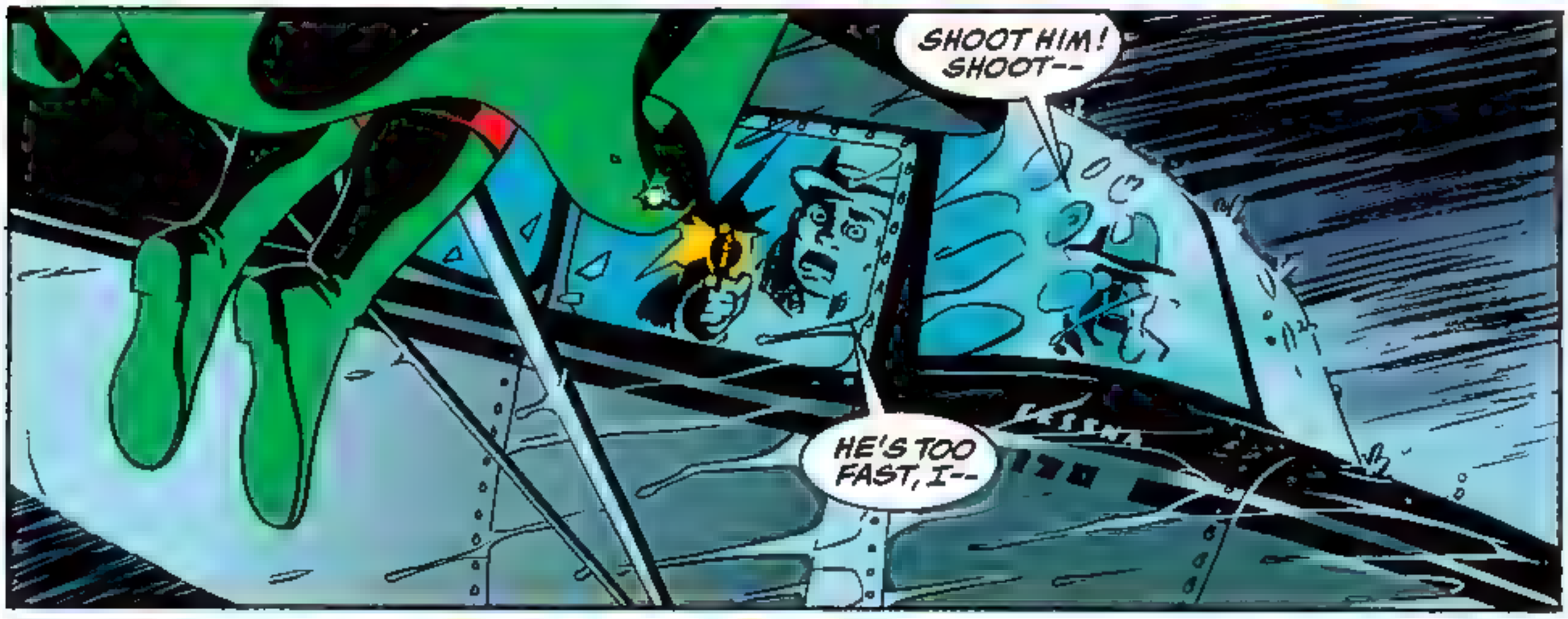
YOU FORGET, I'M VAPOR. YOU CAN'T HURT WHAT YOU CAN'T HIT

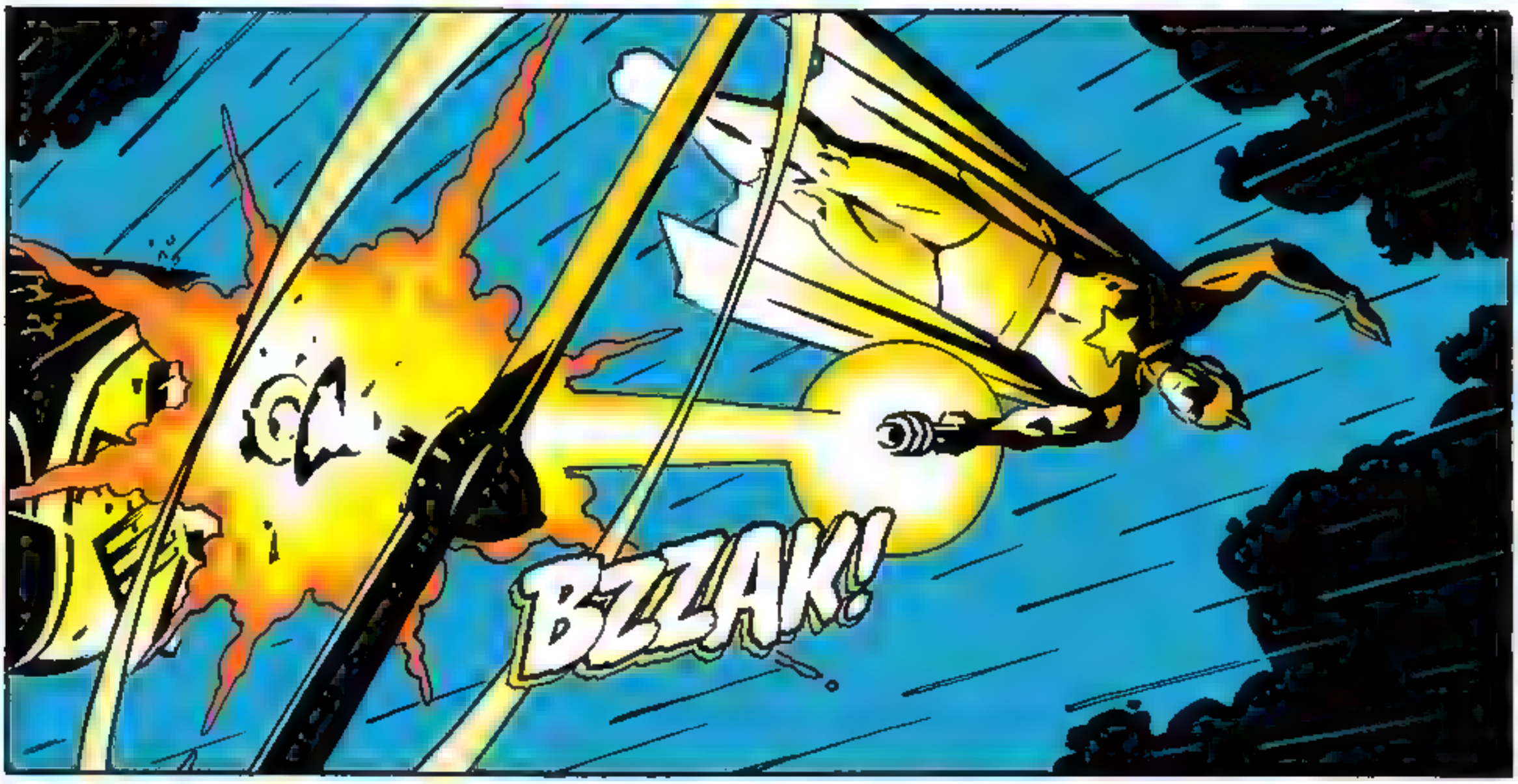
BUT I CAN CONTAIN VAPOR

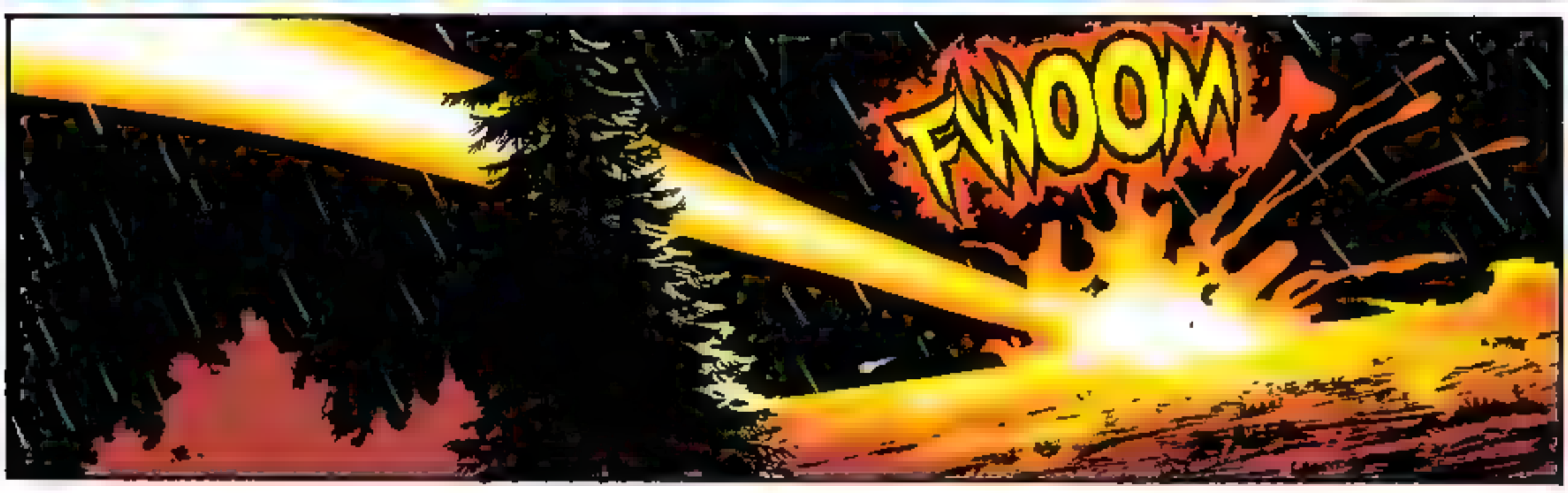
YOU FORGET THAT?

T-FH


Nuh-uh, COMRADES. YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
T\FH


SHOOT HIM! SHOOT--
HE'S TOO FAST, I--


BZZAK!


FWOOM

Damn. I didn't count on the broken seal between the dome and the grass The Mist literally seeped to Freedom.

Couldn't take his dirty loot...

But...

...THE WAR CONTINUES

YOU MEAN THE COLD WAR?

NO. HIS AND MINE.

CAN'T HOLD--
SLIPPING--
JACK!

DAVEY! I'M--

IT HAPPENS QUICKER THAN ANY OF US COULD IMAGINE.

EVEN HOURMAN.

THEY FALL IN WAVES DOMINOS.

THEY SLEEP.

I CAN SEE HIS EYES WITHIN THE MASK.

HE'S SMILING.

DAVEY.

SORRY IT TOOK ME SO LONG.

BETTER LATE THAN DEAD, MAN OF THE HOUR.

BETTER LATE THAN DEAD.

SO I ALREADY GUESSED THE WAY THE MIST WOULD DISPENSE THE GAS. THE BUILDING'S VENTILATION.

IT TOOK BUT A MOMENT TO REPLACE HIS GAS WITH MINE.

AND THE PEOPLE?

THEY'LL RECOVER. LOTS OF BRUISES AND FATIGUE. THEY'RE LUCKY.

SO WHAT NEXT?

MY TIME IS UP AT LEAST FOR NOW

GENTLEMEN, IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE.

I COULD TELL HIM. EVERYTHING HE NEEDS TO KNOW. HIS SON. HIS DEATH. I COULD--

I'M HONORED TO HAVE MET YOU, HOURMAN GOOD LUCK.

1952 ARRIVED. LOTS OF CHEERS. LOTS OF KISSES. LOTS OF LIGHT

AND IF THOSE CHEERS RANG ANY LOUDER THIS YEAR, I LIKE TO THINK IT WAS OPAL REALIZING THEIR HERO WAS BACK.

THE STARMAN THEY KNEW OF OLD.

MY DAD.

WHEN THE MYSTERIOUS STARMAN OF 1951 VANISHED, I'M SORRY TO SAY FEW QUESTIONED THE LOSS.

CARPE CANEM

DAYS LATER...

HOW ARE YOU, MR KNIGHT?

I FEEL LIKE A *CURTAIN* HAS LIFTED

SOLVING YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S MURDER I *BET*. THAT'D DO IT.

OR PUTTING ON THE RED AND GREEN. OR BOTH.

OR MAYBE 'T'S SIMPLY *TIME* I CAME BACK.

WHO ARE YOU, JACK?

I'M A *FRIEND* OF THE OTHER STARMAN. APART FROM THAT... I'M *NOBODY*.

AND THE OTHER STAR-MAN... *WHO* IS HE? I NOTE A *RESEMBLANCE*. HE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE MY *FATHER*.

AND DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED MY SCIENCE IN *BOTH* HIS COSTUME *AND* YOUR ROD

I COULD EXPLAIN NOW I *SHOULD*. MAYBE.

BUT THAT MIGHT *CHANGE* THINGS. THE FUTURE BUT MAYBE...

MAYBE ONE DAY, MR. KNIGHT BABY STEPS.

WHEN WE TALKED AT THE STARMAN MUSEUM, DAD ACTED LIKE I'D SAID *SOMETHING* ABOUT DAVID... ABOUT STARMAN '51

AM I *SUPPOSED* TO?--

ANYWAY, 1951 IS GONE AND *SO* IS YOUR STAND-IN. YOU'RE STARMAN AGAIN AND *DON'T* FORGET IT.

I WON'T. I'VE BEGUN MY *RETURN*. IT JUST MAY TAKE A WHILE.

LIKE I SAID, BABY STEPS

WHAT'S THIS?

AN *INVITATION* TO A GALA. *JOHN RADCLIFFE* IS HOSTING IT... A BANKER FRIEND. FOR THOSE POOR BOYS IN KOREA

WHY AREN'T YOU GETTING DRESSED?

STARMAN MAY HAVE RETURNED TO OPAL. *TED KNIGHT* ON THE OTHER HAND...

YOU LOOK GREAT.

NOW GET OUT THERE AND SHOW 'EM KNIGHTS KNOW HOW TO *PARTY*.

I'M NOT SURE ABOUT TH S.

BE BRAVE. AND *SMILE*, FOR GOD'S SAKE. CHICKS HATE GLUM FACES

I'LL BE BACK BY MIDNIGHT.

RELAX, CINDERELLA. THE SEDAN ISN'T GONNA TURN BACK INTO A PUMPKIN. STAY OUT 'TIL *SEPTEMBER* IF YOU'RE HAVING FUN

KNIGHTS KNOW HOW TO PARTY, *eh?* IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE TALKING FROM *EXPERIENCE*.

THANK YOU, JACK

ANY TIME...

...DAD.

ANYTIME.

YOU KNOW THE *ONE* THING I STILL HAVE TROUBLE WITH?

NOT *UNTIL* YOU TELL ME, JACK

WHY? *WHY* AM I *HERE?*

I UNDERSTAND WHY *YOU'RE* HERE YOU WANTED TO PLAY *STARMAN*. YOU GOT YOUR WISH.

BUT *ME*...

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO *HELP* DAD BECOME STARMAN AGAIN. ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

YOU'RE *SURE?*

NO, I'M GUESSING, BUT--

THAT'S JUST IT. YOU *DON'T* REALLY KNOW. *NEITHER* DO I. AND THE FACT IS I *DIDN'T* HELP DAD RETURN TO THE GREEN AND RED. HE DID IT *HIMSELF*.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

WE SHOULD TALK *MORE* WITH DAD. MAYBE LEARN *SOMETHING* WE HADN'T THOUGHT OF BEFORE.

NOT TONIGHT. HE'S *OUT*.

WHERE?

I DON'T KNOW. A PARTY. HE *DIDN'T* WANT TO GO. I MADE HIM. RIDLEY. NO. R, R SOMETHING... RADCLIFFE. *RICH* DUDE HAVING A GALA.

WAIT. JOHN RADCLIFFE?

YOU KNOW HIM?

I KNOW *OF* HIM SO SHOULD YOU. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

DAD MET *MOM* AT THAT PARTY.

MOM HAD A NEW JOB IN CENTRAL CITY. SHE WAS *LEAVING* OPAL IN THE MORNING. SHE *WOULDN'T* HAVE MET DAD IF HE HADN'T GONE TO THE PARTY.

AND *YOU* MADE DAD GO THERE?

Err... YEAH, I GUESS I *DID*.

THAT'S THE "WHY," JACK, RIGHT THERE. MOM AND DAD.

JACK! WHOA, I HEAR MUSIC!

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING. YOU *SURE?*

IT'S *LITTLE ANTHONY AND THE IMPERIALS.* "HURTS SO BAD."

JACK, THIS IS *IT.* I'M--

SKASH

I THINK ABOUT DAVID... *DEAD* IN THE FUTURE. AND DAD IN THE PAST NOT KNOWING *WHO* HIS SONS WERE. I RESOLVE TO LET *FATE* CHANGE THE FUTURE OR NOT.

I WRITE DAD A *LETTER*. I EXPLAIN *EVERYTHING*. WHO DAVID IS. WHO I AM. I *HIDE* THE LETTER IN ONE OF DAD'S JOURNALS. HE'S STILL MAKING NOTES IN IT, SO I *ASSUME* HE'LL FIND IT AT SOME POINT.

AND IF HE *DOESN'T*, HE DOESN'T.

THEN I'M LEFT WITH A DISJOINTED SENSE OF *DISSATISFACTION*.

I KNOW *WHY* I WAS SENT HERE... I *THINK*. BUT NOW I HAVE *ANOTHER* QUESTION... MUCH TOUGHER AND *WAY* MORE *IMPORTANT*...

...HOW DO I GET *BACK* TO MY *OWN* TIME?

MAYBE I'M *NOT* SUPPOSED TO.

I COULD USE MY KNOWLEDGE. BUY NEW STUFF I KNOW WILL BE *COLLECTIBLE*. INVEST IN STOCKS I KNOW WILL *RISE*. AMASS A *FORTUNE*.

AND I COULD CHANGE THINGS... PREVENT THE ORIGIN OF SUPER-VILLAINS... FOREWARN HEROES. CHANGE THE WHOLE WORLD FOR THE BETTER.

AND WAIT *FIFTY YEARS* TO SEE MY *SON* AGAIN.

JEEZ. WHAT AM I GONNA--

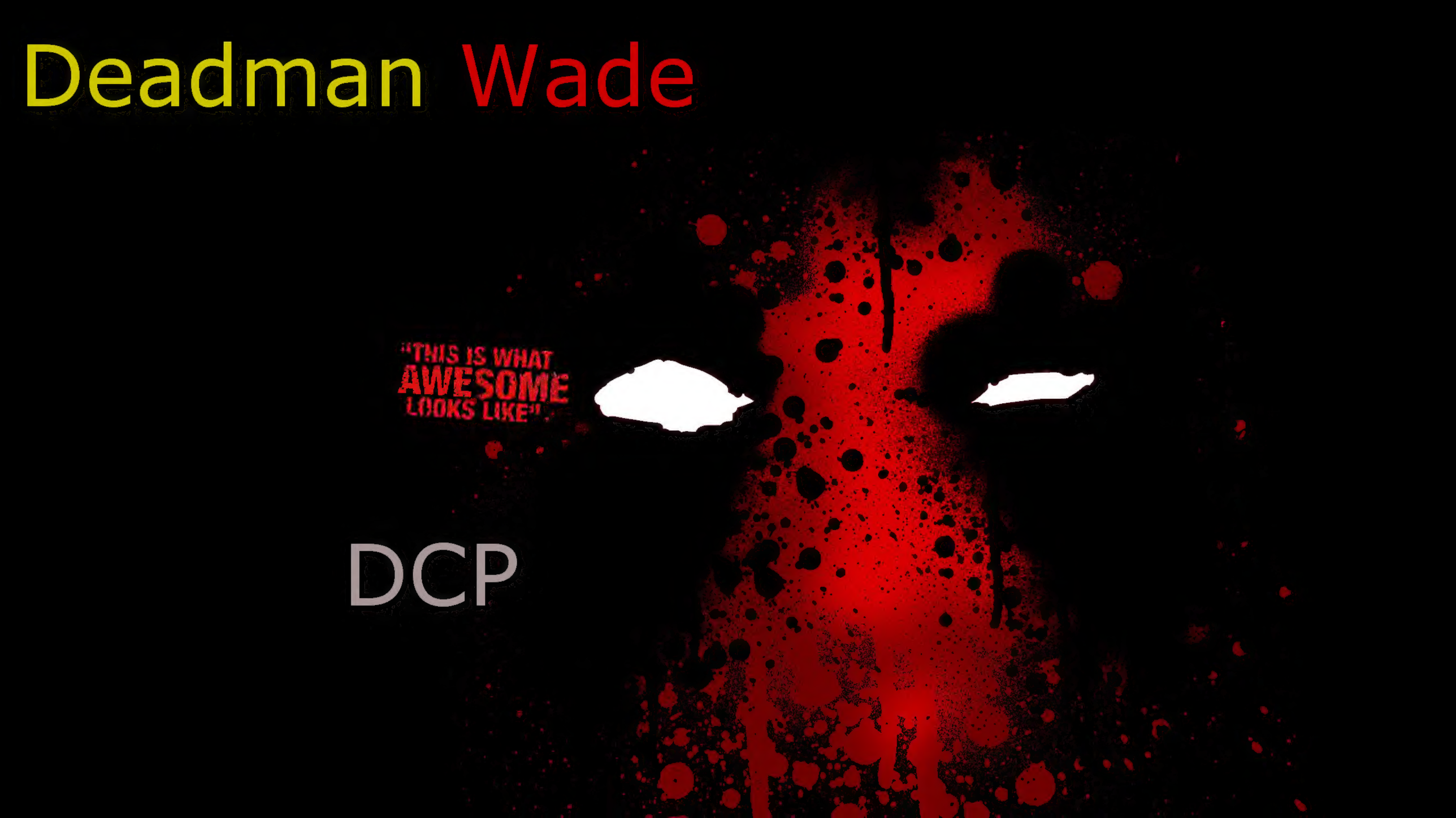
HELLO, JACK. REMEMBER *ME*?

HUH? WHO?

I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU HOME.

NEXT ISSUE: The Last Issue.

Deadman Wade



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